

THE
Chap-Book
SEMI-MONTHLY

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THE CHAP-BOOK

NUMBER 6

AUGUST 1ST

THE ENCHANTED CITY

AN enchanted city set in the sea :
Dark and dead are its lights and loves ;
No wind nor song in the streets or groves ;
Naught remains but the mystery.

Only the surf and whirl of wing,
Only the light on dome and tower ;
And to tell the world of its ancient power
Only the tomb of its sleeping King.

This magic city of pearl and gold
What was the fate of those who built ?
What was the life, the deed or guilt,
Can never be known or told.

GEORGE FREDERICK MUNN.



THE NIGHT RAIN

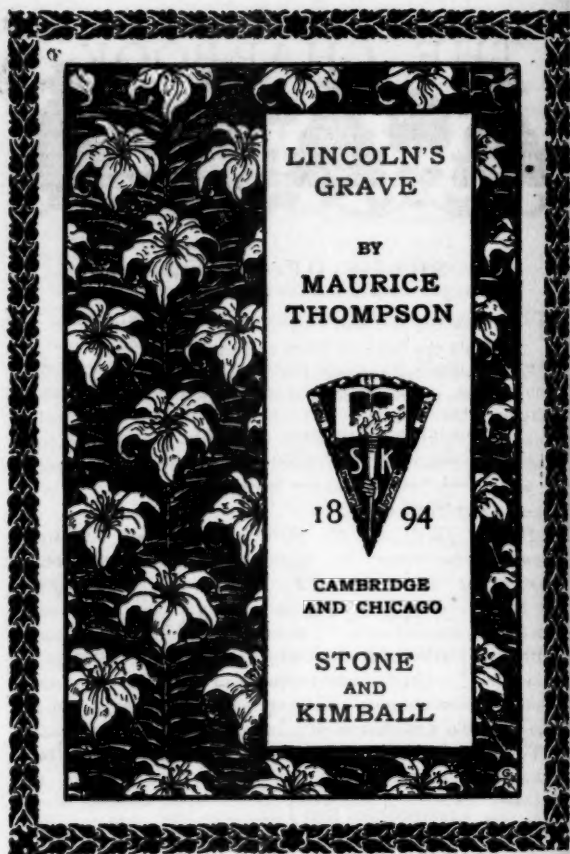
IAWOKE in the night and heard
The long vast whisper of rain ;
The sleeping maples were stirred
To a monotone of pain ;

And it fell on my heart like weeping, and I could not sleep
again.

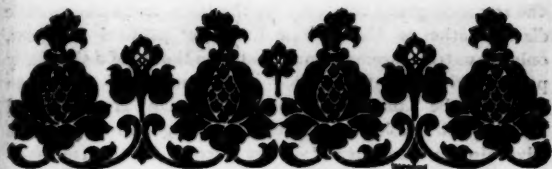
I remembered that I had dreamed
Of a harvest-field tangled with tares :
And the drip of the dark rain seemed
A stealthy foot on the stairs ;

And I thought, It is Death steals up, to catch me unawares.

J. RUSSELL TAYLOR.



A TITLEPAGE DESIGNED BY G. H. HALLOWELL



A SHELF OF STEVENSON

THE shepherd under the hawthorn, if he set himself to tell the tale of Mr. Stevenson's published works—and no shepherd could be better occupied—would be obliged to count close upon thirty volumes. But I doubt very much whether the strangely differing groups of "the reading public," shepherds and others, who know Mr. Stevenson in part, have commonly any knowledge of what his diligence as a whole has reached either in number of volumes or in literary significance.

If "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," at which all the world wondered, be thrown out of the reckoning, we may believe that by far the largest and surely the most ingenuous group of Mr. Stevenson's readers think of him only as the chief contemporary professor of romance. They follow him gladly, without question, in his sea-rig, or in the costumes of "Ivanhoe," or in cocked hat and Alan Breck's "fine French clothes"—with sword clinking and flag flying—through the manifold and marvellous 'scapes of "Treasure Island," "The Wrecker," and "The Black Arrow"; of those most admirable pledges of the writer's gift, "Kidnapped" and "David Balfour"; and now of the latest offering of the same talent,—a bewitching story called "The Ebb Tide."

No distinction must be made too hard and fast, and it is of course true that the different clans of Stevensonians inhabit each other's heaths. So that, although the many in

the romantic group care only for the fable, and make as little discrimination as Mr. Andrew Lang (for poetical purposes, only, let us trust) seems to make between the art of a singularly perfect writer and the coarser workmanship of gentlemen who shall be nameless—although the many are concerned merely for the fable, many others of these good romantics are alive also to "treatment." They discover for themselves—in the flight of Alan and Davie through the heather, in the account of sunrise on the Bass Rock, in the magical description of the newly-discovered island in "The Ebb Tide" "paying itself out" to the eyes of the beholders on the moving ship—the curious charm of an elaborate yet discreet dealing with some very simple theme. And they make also the old and new discovery—in the introduction of the characters of "Treasure Island," in the study of the still old man in "The Master of Ballantrae," and markedly in those last altogether lovely scenes between David and Catriona—of the inexhaustible merit of a simple dealing with some highly complicated theme.

And it is these others, one fancies, these excellent romantics of ours upon whom the gusto of good writing is not wholly lost, whose sympathies extend themselves most quickly to "The New Arabian Nights." The bland unconsciousness with which the new Scheherezade spins the steepest yarns is in itself a literary *trouvaille* and adds much to the originality of Mr. Stevenson's most original works. The grim and breathless invention of "The Suicide Club" and the story of Francis Villon gives these compositions a very high place, and indeed nearly the whole of the two volumes—the gentle reader will remember that "The Dynamiter" is but another name for "More New Arabian Nights"—is dear to persons who have a taste for polite farce and the pleasures of memory. But a man who likes not what Mr. Davidson has called a tragic farce, will show his wisdom in avoiding "The Suicide Club." Yet if he does he will forego, among other delights, that enchanting, easy picture of the London

oyster bar, where — on a sleety evening in March — Prince Florizel of Bohemia and his master of the horse, Colonel Geraldine, were wearying of the other guests. But suddenly "the swing doors were pushed violently open, and a young man, followed by a couple of commissionaires, entered the bar. Each of the commissionaires carried a large dish of cream tarts under a cover, which they at once removed; and the young man made the round of the company, and pressed these confections upon every one's acceptance with an exaggerated courtesy. Sometimes his offer was laughingly accepted; sometimes it was firmly, or even harshly, rejected. In these latter cases the newcomer always ate the tart himself." Who ever forgets those cream tarts or that exaggerated courtesy? Approach, gentlemen amateurs of descriptive writing who wish to become professional, this is the way to do it! In the sinister sketch of Villon, also, the man who cannot stomach his farce flavored with tragedy, will relinquish much. He will never know the moment when the vile poet so humorously mourned the woman that died with money in her stocking. He will miss indeed the most seizing picture — it is probably better, after all, to leave French words in their native element — the most *saisissant* picture of the bitterer side of the Bohemian character and temperament which I can at this moment recollect. The same bitterness of the same character and temperament shows itself in other ways throughout "The Wrecker" and "The Ebb Tide"; and so, oddly enough, this little talk about "The New Arabian Nights" brings us round again to Mr. Stevenson's latest volume.

For, if any reader thinks I have been too categorical, I think he will find for himself in "The Ebb Tide" two pretty distinct manifestations of Mr. Stevenson's various gift. And I think he will find these two manifestations pretty clearly separated. The book is sub-entitled "A Trio and Quartette." Now, so long as the writers — for Mr. Osbourne again coöperates — are occupied only with the trio, we and the trio

are in the atmosphere of exhilarating yet conceivable adventure. Thus far the tale, though by no means so credible as the two chronicles of "David Balfour," is quite as easy to believe as "Treasure Island" or "The Master of Ballantrae." But with arrival at the island, and the addition to the trio of the enigmatical pearl fisher who forms with them the quartette, a change comes violently over the spirit of Mr. Stevenson's dream. Credulity is now taxed to the point of revolt. Honest happenings by land and sea are exchanged for musky, oriental inventions; and we exist once again in the New-Arabian environment, where only the unexpected happens, and even Haroun al Raschid himself may turn at any moment into a constitutional monarch. I am eager to know the verdict of the public on Mr. Stevenson's new book. It may think itself trifled with, for the public "jokes with difficulty," except where the nature of the joke is clearly understood. It will then kiss the book, and swear by the writer. The quartette half of "The Ebb Tide" is, when you come to think of it, no more a fairy tale than the hypnotic half of that exquisite "Trilby." But Mr. Du Maurier prepared his readers for what he was going to do. The other enchanter waves his wand irresponsibly and without warning.

Several things, however, are evident. One, that, whatever the conclusion of the public may be, it must be breathlessly interested in a first reading of "The Ebb Tide." Each seductive page seems a bait held out by the next, until next turns out to be last. Equally evident is it, I venture to believe, that in the odious person of the cockney clerk Mr. Stevenson has planted another character on his feet as firmly as Alan or Davie, or even as Catriona on those little feet of hers that pattered so sadly along by her lover, as they walked among the Dutchmen. And in "The Ebb Tide," besides these two capital feats of continuous interest and a new character, Mr. Stevenson has given us a few pages that deserve to rank among the best in English prose. Homespun

does not voluntarily hang itself on the same peg with silk, so let no one expect me to quote from these delectable island passages. A novelist who writes uncommonly good English herself, said to me — while they were printing in *McClure's Magazine* — that she read these pages with wonder and envy. And when I read them for myself, between the publishers' green covers, it seemed to me that they must be the wonder and envy and delight of everyone, everyone without exception, who is now writing English. I do not mean that other writers, a very few, cannot do other things as perfect in their kind. But in this kind Mr. Stevenson is faultless and unapproachable. I have been reading "The Ebb Tide" in a border land of tides and mists and hills, beautiful enough to be the shifting scene of a romance, — a border, too, with one gallant incident in its past which, if 1604 had but chanced to be 1779, might have extended the province of Acadia far over into the "State of Maine." And whether the reason lie in the inspiring presence of what may be called the incidental island (the Sieur de Monts set a colony there in the year 1604), or in Mr. Stevenson's magical description of his island, or in the close weaving of the artistic texture of "The Ebb Tide," I for my part have had more pleasure in this story than in any other of the author's tales of adventure excepting always "Kidnapped" and "David Balfour." In these his foot is on his native heath, and Catriona's name, it will be remembered, was Macgregor.

Space contracts, and yet there must be a word in ending about the essays, for Stevensonians have cause to believe that many persons read the stories and even the travels who have never dipped into "Virginibus Puerisque," and "Memories and Portraits." It is useless to press caviare on the general, even if you do so "with an exaggerated courtesy," but let no lover of humor and grace and good writing leave these volumes unstudied. Those who love the art of writing, indeed, — those who often give themselves the ethical relaxation of caring less for the thing done than for the way

of doing it,— are the readers to whom Mr. Stevenson means most. Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Pater, and Mr. James care as much perhaps for form, but to most English and American writers—if one may judge from what they are content to print—Mr. Stevenson's concern for the phrase can only seem frivolous, if not Pagan. As an Anglo-Saxon, I have to make for myself a confession of faith and heresy. I am a Stevensonian only as Matthew Arnold was a Wordsworthian. Arnold could read "with pleasure and edification" everything of Wordsworth except "Vandracour and Julia." I can and do read with pleasure and edification everything of Stevenson except "The Black Arrow" and "The Wrong Box." "In these cases we still have judgment," and Mr. Stevenson's "critic on the hearth" has all my sympathies.

CHARLES TOWNSEND COPELAND.



THE WOMAN OF THREE SORROWS

YE would have wondered, had ye felt
 Her eyes upon your eyes, the while:
 Ye would have wondered, had ye seen
 All the wan glory of her smile.

No wonderment was in her eyes,
 No bitterness was there awake,
 Only a dark of mystery;
 And thus the Woman spake:

"Yea, it was dark, all dark: no light
 Even from sunset; near or far
 Glimmered no dawn, nor was there yet
 The distant pity of a star.

"Yea, it was cold ; no passing wind
Hurried the chill mist to and fro :
Blank coldness without sound or stir
Or any whispering snow.

"Yea, it was still ; no voice of pain
Did break the stillness without breath,
Dumb as the silence twixt the worlds,
The great mid-silence we name Death.

"Nay, but what say I ? Now the lights
As crosses through my tears I see :
Yet know I they are lights no less :
How should ye pity me ?

"My sorrow was the lack of one
My life lacks yet,—in whose dear stead
The Heart of all the earth is mine,
And mine, mine too, are all its dead.

"My sorrow was a starving mind
That craved the message of the years :
Now, like a child, I hear, far-off,
The singing of the spheres.

"My sorrow was — a lack of all
The world-gifts counted blessedness.
I go my way,—within my hands
Only a glorious emptiness."

The Woman held her sorrows up,
High up within God's sight, and said,
"Lo, for Thy gifts, I give Thee thanks,"—
And smiled as smile the dead.

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY.

THE DREAM OF A FAILURE

HE had spent the day in writing poetry that would never be printed, and in the full and certain knowledge of that fact he was already reaping his reward.

The cooling kiss of the twilight floated in on the breeze that came through the open window. Out on the horizon the grey of the water and the darkening of the sky ran together hazily. He looked out at the water, and the sky, and the little eddy of dust where the breeze played over the street below, and when his wife came softly into the room and looked at his face, she smiled, for she saw dreams written there.

She touched him gently on the shoulder.

"A penny for—" she began, smiling at him. But he interrupted her, taking her hand and caressing it, and then shaking his head at her.

"Not enough," he said, "not nearly enough. But, if you will sit down here beside me, in the cool, and watch the night coming, I will tell you what I was thinking of. I believe it must be true, because I made it myself, and ought to know."

There was once a Very Young Man, a writer, who had all the qualities requisite for becoming a failure. He had greater talent than he himself knew; he had ambition, a devotion to his art, and a hatred of money-matters. Besides which, he had a way of minding his own business that was exceedingly irritating and kept others from following his lead in this particular.

He had taken to literature because he felt that he had something to say. After he had got through the preliminary stages of getting his pen in, he began to feel that he was doing very fair work. He persisted, however, in allowing himself to be patronised by men who never wrote a readable page in their lives.

In one respect, he was peculiarly fortunate. The gods, who had probably foreseen that he was to be born minus the money-sense, had ordained that certain remote ancestors should so arrange things for him as to preclude his ever starving. He was not rich, you should understand; but there was just enough to let him be idle, if he wished it. It happened that he preferred his art. The fact of his being independent of the money-question allowed him, you see, to keep faithful to his conscience, and do work that pleased himself. There are few so lucky.

So it came that, because the quality of his work was high and his intentions showed yet higher, he found a man who believed in him. This man owned a paper and gave him a long, running order for fiction.

In another year or so, this Very Young Man had turned out some very remarkable things. But they were all very brief, and there was no padding in them. Also, they were original and sometimes rather daring in the choice of subject. These things kept the public from caring who the author was or what became of him.

And then this Very Young Man, who from his childhood up had lived among books and loved them, began to turn critic. Although he was so young, he had read more than most of the men who pretended they knew what had happened at each revolution of a printing press. With the style he had, his love for his art, and his knowledge of what had been achieved in that art, you may imagine that his criticisms were always worth anyone's while. They showed acute sensibility and judgment, and they were readable for their own sake.

It was at this time that the men about him began to realize him. They saw that through him they might rise a little, so they began to include him in "the younger group." In any literary centre there is always a "younger group." It is chiefly useful in fighting battles and letting the older men have the laurels.

The older men used to take the Very Young Man into a corner of the club and congratulate him on the chance he had of helping "our Western Literature." And because he was full of enthusiasms, he frequently penned, in all the sincerity of an intensely earnest intention, a masterpiece of appreciation anent a work that was, after all, not nearly so good as the criticism. People read his glowing tributes and went to buy the books he wrote of so, duly forgetting him altogether.

In the fulness of time it happened that the one man who believed in him for his own sake, collected some of his early fictional essays and published them. And in the natural course of events many copies were sent abroad to be criticised, including some to the men whose books he had paid such glowing tribute to at different occasions.

Then the Very Young Man waited. He was naturally very impatient, but he had begun a course of disenchantment that left him expectant of very little. And it was very little that came.

One man, who was a master of fiction and could afford to ignore the Very Young Man's chance as a possible rival, said to him, one day, referring to his criticism, "Young man, you are doing, there, as good work as there is in the West." That was because this man—he was very big, and good-natured and indolent—had just read the other's criticism of his newest novel.

Another man, whose poetry the other had lately praised out of all proportion to its actual merits, said to him, "My dear boy, if I could only do as much for you some day!"

And both of them carefully forgot that the Very Young Man had himself written a book.

Afar off, in the extreme North and the far South, there was a critic or two who praised the Very Young Man's book. Probably because they knew him to be afar off and unlikely to seek their own pastures. But, in his own town, there was

a steadfast silence and ignorance about him, rigidly preserved.

All of which at length began to prey upon this writer. He had been working so long now that the first glow of art for art's sake was beginning to pall under the general refusal to recognize him as an artist. He came to the conclusion that he had been mistaken in hoping for a reward. He decided that the public must be right: he was not worthy of renown.

Finally, the man who believed in him died. The girl he had believed in married another.

Then he ceased to believe in himself, and became a failure.

His wife looked at him, and waited. Presently she said, "Is that all?"

"Yes," he answered; "is it not enough?"

"But nothing happened! It was all just—a great pity, that was all. Didn't anything happen?"

"This was a dream of today, remember. Nothing ever happens now. That young man may be alive today. How do I know? He is a modern, he would do nothing tragic."

"Ah, now you are getting sarcastic. I don't like you so." And she kissed him as a punishment.

PERCIVAL POLLARD.



THE RIDE OF THE CLANS

O H, the King is coming fra' ower the sea!

Ride on, ride on for the King!

Hielandmen, fearless and leal, are we,

Riding along for the King.

Cry, "Hey for King Jamie, the King of us a'!

Hey for Ogilvie and hey for Earl Mar!

Hey for the Standard that leads us to war!

Ride on, ride on for the King!"

The pipes they are skirling, "Up, Scots, and awa'!
 Ride on, ride on for the King!
 The claymores are turning and flashing, Hurrah!
 Riding along for the King!
 To hell wi' the traitor, the Earl of Argyle!
 His castle shall burn to the cellar, the while
 We hunt him through England for many a mile;
 Ride on, ride on for the King!

There be twa crowns await ye, King Jamie, today,
 Ride on, ride on for the King!
 To win them your Scots are in battle array,
 Riding along for the King.
 We'll crown ye in Scotland, and crown ye again
 When we've swept into England and scattered the men
 That skulk between Carlisle and London, and then
 We'll a' ride hame wi' the King!

RALPH ADAMS CRAM.



A LEGITIMIST KALENDAR

THERE is a little group of people in England who say that Victoria ought to be driven from the throne, and a certain "Mary IV.," more commonly known as the wife of Prince Louis of Bavaria, established in her stead. They are "Jacobites," adherents of the House of Stuart, enthusiasts who will recognize no Protestant Succession, conspiring mildly to fetch back to England the lady who represents — in genealogical tables — the Royal Martyr and the legitimate kings who reigned before William and Mary came. It is quite true, as these nineteenth century Jacobites say, that the Princess Mary ought really to be queen — if only parliaments could be brought to accept the principles of divine right.

She is a descendant of Charles I.; Victoria, only of his father, James.

So far the Hanoverian succession has not been imperilled. A miniature riot in Westminster Abbey a couple of years ago, two "legitimist" periodicals, one of which is already moribund, and, for a little while, a tiny *furor* of amused attention, are the only fruits of the new Stuart plot.

This year, however, comes something new, a "Legitimist Kalendar" for 1894, edited by the Marquis de Ruigny et Raineval. It is a summary of good Jacobite belief, a record of forlorn faiths and bygone loyalties neatly set forth in a pamphlet of 32 pages. It is intended, apparently, not only for English consumption, but as a sort of general substitute, conducted on an exclusively *de jure* plan, for the timid conventionalities of the Almanach de Gotha. The French republic has no standing in its pages, the little king of Spain, even the Count of Paris, are ignored. Don Carlos is king in both Paris and Madrid, Venice is still a republic, Bremen and Hamburg are free cities, and Leo XIII. is king of the Papal States.

A calendar of the months takes up the body of the little book, accompanied by a list of the festivals and days of mourning or rejoicing which Jacobites should bear in mind. On July 2, 1849, "H. R. H. Mary Theresa of Modena (Princess Louise of Bavaria), Heiress of Line of the Royal House of Stuart," was born, and on the 18th of May, 1869, her eldest son, Robert, the "Prince of Wales." Here are recorded the deaths and births of James III. and Charles III., the two Pretenders, and of half a dozen other visionary monarchs, Royal Oak Day, loyalist defeats and victories — all manner of forgotten things. Dr. Johnson's death is also remarked — a reminder of the odd fable that the Doctor went North in the '45 to join the Young Pretender — a story which finds just enough corroboration to make it interesting in the fact that he was a stiff-necked partisan of all the Stuarts, and that Boswell makes only the slightest mention of what his hero

was about in 1745 and '46. 'Twere a chance for a glorious novel.

After the calendar proper comes an account of the "British Succession," which describes Queen Mary's claims. She is of the family of the Dukes of Modena, a descendant of the Kings of Sardinia, themselves descendants of Henrietta Anne, the daughter of Charles I., sister of Charles II., and sister-in-law of Louis XIV. The editor goes on to say:

"By the death of King Henry IX. (the Cardinal-Duke of York) the line of James II. and VII., and the *male* line of the Royal House, became extinct. It was therefore necessary to turn back to the *senior female* line, which, as we have shown above, is represented by the descendants of Henrietta Anne, Duchess of Orleans, daughter of Charles I.

"The line of Hanover, being only derived from a *daughter* of James I. and VI., has no right to the throne until the issue of Charles I. is exhausted."

In addition there is much useful information about the English legitimist societies (thirty-two in all, counting branches), and about the Spanish, the French, and the Portuguese "royal families," none of which are at present in possession of their own palaces, besides a list of the "Legitimate Rulers of the World," and a variety of appropriate mottoes and quotations. More interesting than any of these, perhaps, is the peerage of England and Scotland. It was a vexatious thing to compile, the editor confesses, and "the present list must be regarded as tentative." It was a simple matter, of course, to erase all titles deriving from the "Electors of Hanover," and to ignore their acts of attainder, but, as readers of "Henry Esmond" will remember, while the *de facto* monarchs were busy issuing patents of nobility from London, the *de jure* monarchs were just as industriously making dukes and barons of their own at St. Germain. Omitting the former, the Marquis de Ruigny must include the latter — a puzzling task.

The Marquis announces that he is at work on an Irish

peerage. It is almost with a touch of humor that he writes: "The editor regrets that he has been unable to complete the pre-revolutionary peerage of Ireland in time for this issue, but hopes to have it ready for next year." Does not the reader smile when he recollects the gallant, blundering Irish adventurers of history and fiction who followed the fortunes of the Young Pretender — Mr. Stevenson's Chevalier Burke is the best of them, though he was only a chevalier — and who loved their empty titles as they loved their honor and their brogue?

The Marquis de Ruvigny, it is interesting to recall, paid a visit to this country not very long ago — a tall, grave gentleman, with a straw-colored cavalry moustache. He came to America on a special mission — to learn what hope there was of Dom Pedro's restoration, whether the French in Canada would receive Don Carlos for their king, or some other similar errand. A few young enthusiasts in Boston, a city whose swell front dwellings are the temples, often, of odder theories than any the Marquis could expound, had written to the English Jacobites to learn what new thing they could offer for Boston's entertainment. The Marquis turned from his course to visit them, and spent a day or two in Boston to propagate the true faith, which, he will be sorry to learn, has since been allowed to languish.

It would be unkind not to hope that he will continue to issue his little calendar, at least until he has made up his Irish peerage. And, wondering a little at the strange things on which men agree to divide and be counted, one is minded to quote, as not quite irrelevant to the subject, that pleasant and witty epigram which John Byrom wrote more than 150 years ago, when the Stuarts were still genuine pretenders:

"God bless the King — I mean the faith's defender!
God bless (no harm in blessing!) the Pretender!
But who pretender is, or who is king —
God bless us all! — that's quite another thing."

HERBERT SMALL.

NOTES

ONE of the oldest colleges in the British Colonies was lately on the point of closing its doors for lack of a few thousand dollars. Its staff was formally dismissed, and preparations made for an indefinite hibernation. Fortunately the difficulty has been averted by a private bequest or something of the kind; but all the while the college faced the wolf at its door, there were reposing in its library, as a recent catalogue shows, eighteen Aldines, sixteen Elzevirs, and several score of other valuable works printed before 1500. Do you suppose the college did not know the worth of its treasure? Or would it rather die than give up those glorious and musty old tomes?

The Bookman's fever is an awful disease. One first edition, and you are already in its clutch; two, you are worthless to your fellows; three, and you are lost. What a truly fine charity it were, if some noble Philistine would endow a Keely institute for bibliomaniacs. Bibulous-maniacs are really not much worse. They at least have periods and lapses of sanity; but your true bibliomaniac is never safe. He is liable to break out violently at any moment. And as first editions are engendered every day, the germs of his malady can never be rooted out.

The other day I was looking over Mr. Wilde's "Intentions" again. Do you recall his admirable creed that nature as well as Life imitates Art? That Life is always an imitation of the Art that preceded it is easy to see; but it is not quite so easy to see how nature too is no more than the reproduction of Art. And yet I have recently had a curious experience which confirms me in my adherence to this apparently wayward artistic theory. My friend M. is a painter, a colorist, a lover of Monet. When he came back from France last Summer, he brought a number of paintings with him and set up these peaceful inanimate gods in a sea-side studio, where

I have been visiting him. At first the violet shadows and the purple tree-boles and rail-fences and old barns looked strangely out of their element to me. I was quite sure I had never seen such a blue world. My fences and barns and tree-boles were gray, not blue; and the deep rich earth between the potato rows was brown, not purple. Yet, after living in my friend's world for a few weeks, a strange alteration came over the face of Nature. The rocks in the pasture became blue,—not sky-blue nor sea-blue nor any old colored blue at all, but a wonderful new color, all mellow-misty and tepid warm; and surely those old familiar rocks that we all have seen in ferny pastures used to be gray, if anything were! But now they had become blue. And the apple-trees—all purple boles and stems. And the sea beach that used to be brown, pink now; and the rich brown soil—purple now; and the rail-fence, weathered and mossed, that used to be and ought to be gray—blue, blue, blue!

All this happened some months ago, and Nature still remains obstinately of her strange new complexion. Nothing looks as it did. For better or worse, my old earth is gone; and "brown" and "gray" are empty names, mere adjectives and nothing more. I shall still continue to use them, but only to qualify my feelings, never to express my sensations.

The successful Novel is like a panic. A Western journal, devoted to "Current literature in general and paper-covered books in particular," is my authority for the statement that one Chicago house has sold one hundred and five thousand copies of "Ships that Pass in the Night," while another house in the same city has sold sixty thousand in paper and fifteen thousand in cloth. And there are at least four or five other editions, without copyright.

Some years ago Mr. Langdon Elwyn Mitchell published his first volume of verse over the name John Philip Varley. Those who keep an eager watch for the good and the new in

current literature, will recall several remarkable lyrics from those earlier pages, of peculiar force and a certain rich Elizabethan flavor and freshness. Their author, after years of schooling in his craft, has now come to us again with a new sheaf from the field. These "Poems" are more tempered certainly than their earlier fellows; and I must say that the early impulse, always wayward, yet often delightful, often breaking into such fervor as

"One pressure of fire
From my lips to thy lips shall teach thee the whole of desire,"

seems to me to have almost wholly vanished. I do not find the present work spontaneous or touched with charm. It is too intentional, too full of forethought, seldom light or happy in its phrases. In short, it is a good deal like all contemporary verse, almost without exception, it is excellent but dull.

Now that is a drawback in any art — that it should seem dull or tame. Perhaps one reason of our prevalent dulness is our devotion to technique. Our artists are elaborately busy in studying expression, in knowing the best methods of expressing themselves, and possibly they have forgotten to study their audience, and learn the art of impression or rhetoric. For after all it avails nothing that an artist shall reveal himself ever so perfectly in his art, if he fails to command and compel his hearers, if he allows himself to become dull.

A constant unflinching power of interest, I take it, is Mr. Kipling's crowning virtue. He has faults, but he is never, never dull. In his "Ballad of East and West" he has overmatched almost everything of the half century except Tennyson's "Revenge." And though he has done nothing else of equal merit, he is always entertaining in his wisdom.

It is in this particular quality that I find Mr. Mitchell's volume so inferior to some, to his father's for example, and to his own first untrimmed efforts. Yet possibly, in the disappointment of expectation, one is altogether too hard to please in a case like this.

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